

Staten Island, Jan. 18th, 1875.

My Dear Friend Lucy,

I thank you very cordially for your volume. The poems are beautiful, and they are beautifully illustrated, and bound, —
What a marvellous change in that respect, since the days of the old Juvenile Miscellany!

I am as happily situated here as one can be, who carries about in the soul such a dreary load of loneliness. I am with friends whom I love best of any //

in the world; people of great moral
excellence, and high culture, who
treat me with unbounded kindness.
The prospect before my windows
of ships and steam-boats constantly
passing and re-passing, sometimes
in bright sunshine, sometimes veiled
in mist, presents an ever-varying
succession of fine marine pictures.
The house is abundantly furnished
with the best books, and beautiful
works of Art. I thank the
Heavenly Father for all these
good gifts; especially for the
affection that does so much to
soften my sorrow; but always
my heart is longing for the
humble little nest in Wayland,
where I spent so many years

in cozy companionship with my dear old mate. Nobody but myself knew what a large, loving heart he had, and what a richly-stored mind.

I can tell you nothing of the sights and sounds in New York. I have been there but once, and then I staid alone with a friend, to avoid a large party that was to assemble here at Christmas.

I have n't been out at all, except to walk for exercise, when the ice will permit. My sense of loneliness is increased by the presence of strangers, however kind and interesting they may be.

I hope Mr. Elliott has recovered his health. When you

see him, please give him my
very kind remembrance.

Give my love to our mutual
friend, good Mrs. Pitman.

I long to see dear old Massachusetts
again. Everything that reminds
me of old friends and acquaint-
ances there is soothing to my
heart. Please remember me
affectionately to Mr. & Mrs.
Fields.

Good bye, for the present, dear
Lucy. Ever your affectionate
friend, L. Maria Child.